

ARE THEY GOING TO HANG MY PAPA

BY
OWEN SPENDTHRIFT

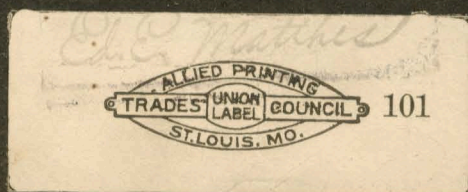


HENRIETTA HAYWOOD.
BY PERMISSION OF MRS. W.D. HAYWOOD



OWEN SPENDTHRIFT
AUTHOR

718 Roe Bldg.
St. Louis Mo.



Are they going to hang My Papa?

OWEN SPENDTHRIFT.

INTRO.
Moderato.



crowd tall Where So law pro - tects the mill - ion - aire to
si - lent in his move - ments like a

be o - beyed by slaves', 'Rose a mur - mur then in cho - rus long and
spir - it in com - mand, 'Till the calm of death o'er spread that crowd - ed

loud hall The meet - ing was as - sem - bled, The
A - rouse ye slaves a - wak - en, What

min - ers all were there Ma - ny pro - test res - o - lu - tions had been
will your an - swer be: Are we un - ion men to suf - fer ev' - ry

read. Thro' that tem-pest of con-fu-sion came a
wrong? If they mur-der han-est Hay-wood they will

child with gold-en hair, And sob-bing thus so plead-ing-ly she said:
have to mur-der me, Then rang a voice' a-bove that might-y throng:

Smoother.

Are they go-ing to hang my Pa - pa, He's

in - no-cent I know He nev-er could do

Are the going etc -

an - y wrong He is so good and true; _____

— It sure-ly will kill dear Mam - ma, And

break my heart in two Are they going to hang my

Pa - pa, Plead this babe with eyes of blue.

Are the going etc - 4

“Workers of the World Unite

**You Have Nothing to Lose
But Your Chains, You Have
a World to Gain”**